

The Problem Children

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Believing in a wonderful world with positive endings to everything permits a 21st century person to have the choice of never having to expend extra energy for others or to dwell on unpleasant thoughts. Because, ultimately, some type of magic makes everything okay in the end, somehow.

But the truth is that there is no magic: there is only illusion and delusion, free will and its corresponding action or lack of action, and Divine Providence. And although it is true that the earth was originally created by the Divine Perfect One to be a wonderful place for human beings with happiness everywhere, we humans have—in so many ways and places—transformed earth into the opposite of what it was meant to be and what it should be.

And all because human beings decided long ago that they should worship themselves instead of glorifying the Divine Supreme for His creation. Of course, to accomplish this drastic change an entire series of lies and evil behaviours had to be nourished and adopted. But the snag to the adoption process was the household's legitimate children—good and truth. The children that pointed out the obvious, that stood up and raised an outcry against wickedness: the problem children.

If the problem children weren't willing to leave the household voluntarily, well, there was a solution. It had to be done with nods and whispers in the ever-growing darkness, but it would be effective. In time, it became known as destruction. First of truth, then of good. The thing was, there were so many problem children. But, in time, with the unrelenting assaults, their numbers diminished while the numbers of adopted illegitimate children flourished. Until, at long last, thank hell, only a handful of the problem children remained.

Yet the adopted children created an unforeseen criticality: the need for total control because of the adopted children's immoral, unpredictable, ruthless, selfish, and lying ways. Hence, the need for iron, and subsequently the iron fist. But then, amidst the darkness and chaos, the Light came and revealed the path to eternal happiness. The path, however, was largely rejected, and humans trudged onward along the road of shadows.

Then came the juncture in the road. The pivotal crossroad at which only a few of the problem children who had survived the assaults remained. They stood hand and hand, truth with good, and pointed towards the path of Light and Heavenly warmth. "Your time is nearing its end," they said, as tears flowed down their cheeks. "Be wise and choose correctly."

The humans stood and glared at the problem children, then looked intently at the crossroad. They began to tremble, and to doubt themselves, and the earth began to quake. And the angels watched from above as the earthly humans made their decision and chose their path.